

CARMEL CYMBAL

VOLUME III, NUMBER 26

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1927

FIVE CENTS. \$2 THE YEAR

"IF I WERE KING" AND "CAPTAIN APPLEJACK" HOLIDAY OFFERINGS

Carmel Boy Takes Own Life By Gas

JOHN ROGERS, 20 year old son of Professor F. J. Rogers of Stanford University, and of Josephine Rand Rogers, committed suicide at the family home in San Jose on Monday evening. Young Rogers, who has been at their Carmel house for some time left for San Jose on Monday, and locked himself into a closet after boring a hole in the door and attaching a tube to a gas jet. Mrs. C. E. Sinclair, a neighbor, smelled gas on Monday night when she was in her yard, but thought nothing of it until yesterday morning when she was in the garden again and noticed the gas once more and called the police.

The dead youth is the youngest of four children, and had been a student at Stanford. His mother, who is a well known political worker in the State owns two cottages in Carmel, on Casanova street and The Point, was in Carmel at the time, and left for San Jose yesterday morning.

Picked Abalone Teams To Play Next Sunday

NEXT Sunday afternoon at 1:30, Abalone Park will see By Ford lead his ten captains on the field, to play Talbert Josselyn's ten picked players from all the teams. It will be a hard fought game. The ten captains who will uphold By Ford are: Charlie Frost, Franklin Murphy, Jakey May, By Ford, Winsor Josselyn, George Ball, Hanley, Byron Pryor, Mike Uzzell, and George Schmitz. But look at Tal Josselyn's group from which he will pick his men: Charlie Berkey, Don Hale, Vic Renslow, Koon, Nino Rico, Bill Young, Tom Douglass, Jimmy Wilson, Hal Thorup, Johns, Frenchy Murphy, Jimmy Doud, King, Glenn Saunders, Dutch Stoney and Ernie Schweninger.

After the blood and dust has cleared from this game, the first of the series for the Abalone Cup will be played, the Pirates meeting the Giants. On the afternoon of the Fourth, the two teams play a double header, the winner of two out of three taking the Cup and achieving undying fame.

Golden Bough Gives Comedy

AT the Theatre of The Golden Bough all is in readiness for a brilliant performance this week-end of "Captain Applejack", one of the most diverting of modern comedies. The cast is as follows:

Poppy.....	Gabrielle Newby
Mrs. Whatcome.....	Annchen von Gall
Lush.....	Thomas Bickle
Ambrose.....	Edward Kuster
Anna Valeska.....	Tommi Thompson
Horace Pengard.....	Guy Koepp
Ivan Borolsky.....	Alden Almstead
Mrs. Pengard.....	Lois Foster
Palmer.....	Beatrice Lathrop
Johnny Jason.....	George Seideneck
Dennet.....	Thomas Bickle
Pirates.....	Jack Eaton, Kelly Clark, Tom LaFargue, Thomas Bickle, George Seideneck, Peter Friedrichsen, Hal Busey, John Barton,

The settings designed by Peter Friedrichsen, range from the dignified library of an English country-house to the fantastic and colorful cabin of the pirate ship that figures in the wild dream of Ambrose Applejohn, mild-mannered country gentleman with suppressed desires for adventure. Lois Foster, on the staff of the Children's Theatre of San Francisco, and associated with the Player's Guild of that city, is in charge of the costumes and will act as stage manager. The entire production, one of the most elaborate yet made at the Golden Bough, is under the direction of Edward Kuster.

"Captain Applejack" will be given three evening performances, next Friday, Saturday and Sunday, with a matinee performance on Monday, July Fourth. The regular evening performance on the Fourth of July will be omitted, out of courtesy to the Forest Theater.

The play is amusing from beginning to end, with plenty of thrill and mystery, the latter being furnished by the operations of several bands of crooks who, unknown to one another, are scheming to lay hands on a great treasure in the house of Ambrose Applejohn, country gentleman of Cornwall.

"Captain Applejack" will be the last play for two years to come to be directed by Edward Kuster, owner of the theater

Romance at Forest Theater

"We want a chief to bear the brand,
And bid the damned Burgundians dance

God! Where the Oriflamme should stand

If Villon were the King of France!"

WITH a swagger, the speaker jumped from the stained table top in the Fir Cone Tavern, and drew his tattered cloak closer to his thin body. From the little group of raffish looking men and gaily dressed woman of the demi-monde of the Paris of the fifteenth century came a cheer. Two men seated at a table in the corner exchange glances that bode no good for the poet, for one of these men is Louise XI, King of France, who is going about Paris like Haroun did about Bagdad, while his throne swayed at the thunder of Burgundian soldiery at the gates of his city.

The gay poet is none other than Francois Villon, rogue, roisterer and loveable rake, but withal the greatest poet that France has ever produced.

Louis XI, firm believer in astrologers and fortune tellers, has a dream interpreted, and raises Villon to be the Grand Constable of France. But there is a condition. "A week of cloth of gold, of glory, of love, and then a shameful death." That is, death if the poet could not win the love of the Lady Katherine de Vaucelles, kinswoman to the queen, whom Villon has seen and loved. The poet takes the chance, crying "Give me my week of wonders, though I die a dog's death at the end of it."

Then this genius, whose wisdom was learned in the school of hope deferred, and who held the degree of Master of Arts at the University of Paris, became virtual master of France. Full of jeu d'esprit, this leader of a knot of learned pilferers, this man to whom famine shame and death were actual facts, cries to the Lady Katherine

(Turn to Page Thirteen)

and director for its first four seasons. He will spend this period in the study of theaters and of production methods at home and abroad.

Giants Walk Away With Abalone League Pennant

THE Giants walked away with the championship of the National League on Sunday when they defeated the Reds decisively 17 to 2. While the game was not as one sided as it sounds, it was pretty bad. In the last half of the first the Giants started in, Ammerman drawing a walk, and stealing second and third. Pete Conlon hit and May got a two bagger. Les Lecron, playing first for the Giants got to base on an error, but was unable to score. The Reds couldn't score in the second, but the Giants kept up the good work, Iola Nicholas hitting a two bagger and coming home on a passed ball. Woody Lowntree hit, Jimmy Doud got a two bagger and stole third, and Ammerman walked again. Conlon hit to left field and stole third. In all four runs were tallied.

In the third it looked like the Reds would score when Hopper walked and stole second, but his little team mates didn't help him on. In the last of the fourth the yellow jackets got three more, Doud, Ammerman hitting, Conlon walking, Jakey May and Hanley hitting too. In the fifth Gordy Campbell hit, stole second and Schmitz of the Ravens, playing

with the Reds hit a two bagger, and Bert Heron hit and stole second. Two runs. In the last of the fifth perfect fielding on the part of Jimmy Hopper and Tommy Hooper put three Giants out as they came up, and in the sixth the Reds went out in the same way, but the Giants scored once again, when Freddy Ammerman's two bagger brought Jimmy Doud home. There was no score in the seventh.

Bert Heron was heard muttering sadly "One, two, and the third in your bosom", as he left the field, and whether he was referring to the game or learning the second act of Romeo and Juliet no one knows.

The Tigers and Shamrocks fought the first of the afternoon, the Shamrocks keeping their small but perfectly formed average intact, by losing five to three. The individual players on this team are excellent, but they have been devilled all season by one of the most persistent jinx on record. They scored two runs in the last half of the first, when Glen Leidig hit, Ernie Schweninger, Byron hit, Vic Renslow hit over third but died on bases.

George Ball then took Thompson's place at first for the Tigers, and Sheridan hit, but Glenn Leidig's two bagger didn't

bring him home. The Shamrocks got another run in the next inning when Vic Renslow hit over short stop and ran the bases like "grissed mit griss, a strik of lightning" (apologies to Milt Gross) and Les Lecron hit. Back came the Tigers, Hanley hit, and Jakey May got a three bagger and Iola and Jack Eaton hit. The Shamrocks didn't score again, and the Tigers went after them in the sixth, Busey and his chorus of eight pretty girls who came and stood by third base (there's where Busey plays) cheered them on.

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Herbert Heron as King Louis XI
Constance Heron as Huguette du Hamel

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JULY 2

SUNDAY
JULY 3
AT 8:15 P. M.

MONDAY
JULY 4

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On Sale at Palace Drug Company, Carmel and Monterey
Bay Rapid Transit Company will run busses each night, leaving Union Stage Depot, Monterey, at 7:30 P. M. and returning after the show.

George Ball hit, so did Hanley and Jakey May's two bagger brought Ball home. Eaton hits, Iola hit over second, Tuttle hit, Eaton was out at home, but three runs came in.

In the next the Tigers put Steve Field and Kit Cooke out with a neat double, and in the seventh in spite of Halsted Yates, Busey and George Ball all hitting they couldn't score. In the last of the seventh we looked for a Garrison finish when Schweninger walked and Byron Pryor hit a long one to left field, but Hanley made a fine running catch and saved the game.

The Eskimos won their game from the Crescents, by one run, and it was a fair game to watch. Frank Murphy is one polite catcher. He said "I'm sorry" six times during the game. Ernie Schweninger pitched for the Crescents and pitched a good game. The chief feature of the game was Harrison Godwin at third for the Crescents. It was good to see him back, and watch the pretty way he can cover most of the infield. The first score came in the fourth when Harrison hit, but was out at second owing to Teeny's nice backing of Bill Young's play, Gordy Campbell hit, so did Meeks, Bill Young sent a ground to Teeny, and one run came in. The Frost boys didn't like that much, and By Ford, (who turned up on the Eskimos) hit and stole second and third. Frost hit and stole second and Gracia's two bagger brought him home. O. J. Cope, who decorated center field hit and straightway stole second. It was a success for no one expected him to do it. However, his hit brought home the third run.

In the last of the fifth Don Hale hit and Chet Hare who hits three baggers every day before breakfast, showed how easy it was to bring Hale home, and Charlie Frost, who is also grissed mit griss hit a two bagger, and stole third. Tal hit and Harrison chased Frost from third and caught him before he got home, making the third out.

The Crescents nearly tied the score in their half, Iola hit between second and short, Harrison got a two bagger and Meeks brought her home. Bil Young got a three bagger, but was a little too anxious, and forgetting how Frost was caught last inning, tried to steal home and was caught at the plate. The score was then 4 to 5.

In the seventh Nixon caught Gracia's fly, and O. J. again got to first, and to prove it wasn't an accident the first time stole second again, but they left him there. In the last half the Crescents couldn't score.

The Sox, who started just too late in the season with their winning streak, beat the Robins 12 to 5, in the early game. Iola Nichols, who is one of the best and most

dependable of the girl players hit well and made a double out unassisted. Hanley hit well for his team. A pick up game followed this, with Vic Renslow and Byron Pryor as the opposing pitchers. It was spectacular, to say the least.

Schindler Not So Good as Expected

WILLARD Schindler, California baritone, sang before a fair sized audience at the Arts and Crafts theater last Thursday evening. He possesses a real sweetness of tone, and a skilled handling of mezzo voice, used to great advantage in his last encore "Mandalay", but in his first group of songs signally failed to live up to the advertising that had preceded him on the Peninsula.

His first song "Where'er You Walk", with Handel's setting was charmingly rendered, but the rest of the group fell below the standard of most concert baritones. Massenet's "Vision Fugitive", sung in French, showed an improvement, and his German group, with two songs by Brahms, were delightful. Wilson G. Smith has written a setting for "Du Bist Wie Eine Blume" that is delightful.

The singer's fourth, and most pretentious number was from "The Barber of Seville", the "Largo Al Factotum". This was marked by real dramatic feeling and fine phrasing, as well as beauty of voice. His group of modern American songs were well received by the audience.

Mr. Schindler's four sea songs, with the addition of "Mandalay", the ever popular encore number, were for many the most enjoyable part of the program. The power and tonal quality of the baritone were brilliantly apparent in "The Pirate Song", and "Down to the Sea in Ships".

"Sea Hunger" lyric by Charles Purdy and setting by Thomas Vincent Cator, met with the approval of the audience, not only because the composers are Carmelites, but because it was one of the strongest and most enjoyable numbers on the program. Cator's music was forcible, with the delightful quality we find in all of his compositions.

"Mandalay" is what is known as a "sure fire" encore, but the singer is to be congratulated on getting away from the annoying habit many singers have of trying for a Cockney accent. It was a happy ending to his program.

—H. A.

REM HAS PAINTINGS ON

DISPLAY AT SALLY'S

Rem Remsen has an interesting exhibition of ten water colors on view at Sally's this week. He painted them last year when he was at the Hopi reservation in the Arizona desert. Most of the paintings are of the First Mesa at Whaulpi, and two are of the corn rocks in the Second Mesa.

The water colors are distinctive, and notable for their simple direct handling, and bold use of strong color. Remsen is opening his studio this week at Dolores just north of Ocean Avenue.

ARTS AND CRAFTS TO

HAVE AUCTION JULY 15-16

Mrs. Sara Deming is holding an old fashioned auction at the Arts and Crafts for the benefit of the club on July 15 and 16. Frank Sheridan and Winsor Josselyn will be two of the auctioneers. The shops in town have donated goods, artists have given etchings and paintings, and Mrs. Deming says there are many "objets d'art".

STANFORD ANNOUNCES FINE

SUMMER PLAY PROGRAM

Stanford University announces "A Summer Season of Unusual Plays" under the direction of Gordon Davis.

"Craig's Wife," by George Kelly, will be presented for the first time on the Pacific Coast at Stanford Friday evening, July 8.

On the evening of July 29, John Galsworthy's "Loyalties" will be presented.

"The Angel of the House" is the play for August 12, 1927.

The art and technical direction will be handled by Leslie Kiler.

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CARMEL THE CYMBAL

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PERSONAL MENTION

BETTY Horst came down from San Francisco and spent the week end with Ruth Austin.

Miss Marguerite Tickle of Highlands is visiting friends in Oakland.

Mrs. George Lewis has returned to town from a short trip to San Francisco.

Miss Helene Lundborg went up to Palo Alto last Friday where she will be the guest of Miss Geneva White until after Miss White's marriage to Thomas E. Webster on July 1. Miss Lundborg will give a dinner party in San Francisco tonight in honor of the engaged couple at the home of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Clift Lundborg.

Mr. and Mrs. Delmar W. Call, of Carmel and Los Gatos, announced the engagement of Mrs. Call's sister, Miss Ruth Mills who is visiting her from New York, at a large luncheon last week. Luncheon was served under a massive tree at a large horsehoe-shaped table, which had a covering of pale green and was decorated with giant baskets overflowing with flowers. At each place was a miniature Spanish chest and in each was a white card embellished in silver with the engraved names Ruth Mills and George Shaner. Shaner is well known in Los Gatos, where he was born and owns the beautiful ranch Marienwood one of the show places in Los Gatos. Miss Mills has made several visits here. The wedding will take place in St. John's Chapel at Del Monte, late in July. Shaner will soon build a lovely home of Spanish type on the road between Saratoga and Los Gatos, where the couple will live.

Professor Will Cooper, of the University of Minnesota, and his mother, Mrs. D. M. Cooper, with Mrs. Helen Nagel-

voort and Mrs. M. Boughton of Pasadena, have taken the Hollingsworth house in Hatton Fields for the summer months.

Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Hoffman and their family have arrived in Carmel for the summer and are in their cottage on Mission street.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Minton, of Trenton N. J., who have been visiting on the Peninsula for some time, are leaving this week for the Atlantic Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher have sold their place at Pebble Beach and will spend most of the summer at their home in San Mateo.

Mr. E. V. Saunders and his son Drury who has been East attending boarding school, will arrive at Del Monte this week for a visit. Mr. Saunders has been in the East for two or three months in New York and Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Delmar Call are in their home on Scenic Drive for the summer.

Miss Ernestine Renzel entertained three of her sorority sisters for several days last week, they were Misses Wocker of San Francisco and Miss Francis Halstead of New York City.

Tirey Ford was in town from San Francisco over the week and visiting Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford.

Mrs. Alice Josselyn, who has been in Honolulu for several weeks returned to Carmel on Sunday morning, after a delightful time in the Islands.

Martin Flavin, who has been in New York for several weeks, has returned to his home at Carmel Highlands.

Miss Barian Cator came down from San Jose and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Vincent Cator for a week.

After the Schindler concert at the Arts and Crafts theater last Thursday evening, a group of people went up to the Lee Watson home in the Eighty Acres, some of whom were Messrs and Mesdames Willard Schindler, Thomas Vincent Cator, David Alberto, Mrs. Sara Deming, Mil-

dred Stombs Warenskjold, Miss Nix and Lieutenant Ehrhardt.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hopper entertained at supper on Sunday night when their guests were Mr. and Mrs. David Alberto, and Mr. and Mrs. Lee Watson.

Captain and Mrs. Adamson and their small son, who made hosts of friends when stationed at the Presidio of Monterey

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El Dorado and
The Old Chop-House

some time ago, will be here for a month before they sail for the Philippines in August where Captain Adamson will be stationed.

Miss Dene Denny, who repeated her concert of modern music in San Francisco with marked success, is expected back in Carmel the end of the week.

Next Saturday night the regular fortnightly dance will be held at Sunset School and the High School orchestra will come over from Monterey and provide the music.

Mrs. L. U. Rowntree entertained at luncheon at "Sally's" on Monday, when her guests were Mrs. Lytle of Portland, Mrs. George Stutsman, Mrs. John Cooper Orcutt, Misses Grace and Marie Randolph, Marian and Elizabeth Parker.

Mrs. Robert Stanton returned last night from a short trip to San Francisco.

Mrs. Richard Johnson and Miss Mary Shallue motored to San Francisco on Monday, where Mrs. Johnson will choose the costumes for the Forest Theater production of "If I Were King."

Mrs. Hobart Glassell returned to Carmel yesterday, bringing with her, her small daughter Louise who was staying with Mrs. Glassell's mother, Mrs. Johnstone in

Los Angeles while the Glassells were abroad. Mr. Glassell is motoring from San Francisco today.

Mrs. Genevieve Behrend is coming up from Los Angeles with Mrs. William Vander Roest this week, and will be here for the Forest Theater production of "If I Were King." Mrs. Behrend is a noted psychologist, the only pupil of Dr. Troward, who is the author of many books on the subject. Mrs. Vander Roest will open her house on San Antonio street.

Mrs. George P. West, better known to the reading public as Isabelle West, and Lucille Douglas, who has just returned to

this country from China where she has been teaching art, have arrived in Carmel to visit Madame Anne Dare, and have taken the Austin James Studio opposite the Dare cottage for July. Miss Douglas is at present illustrating a book on Indo-Chino, and her fine work in illustrating Mrs. Ascoug's "A Chinese Mirror" was the cause of much comment.

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(As many of the first-night season subscribers are exchanging their tickets in order to make up parties of week-end guests, there is an unusual number of first-night seats on public sale.)

ARGO-NOUGHTS

BERT Heron is undoubtedly a fine actor, but it takes more than that to make Louis XI. of France remind one of Henry VIII of England. But the resemblance comes in the number of queens they have managed to collect. Henry had six that we know of, and Bert has really had more than that since the rehearsals started for "If I Were King." But as the advertisements say, "There's a Reason." The Queen in the play has only to walk on, sit on the throne, and wear a lovely costume. Not one line to learn. Is it a wonder the girls in town were holding competitions for the part? George Ball has completely spoiled the summer theatrical season for me. I love the smell of stage paint, and the thrill of a performance, but learning lines has a singular lack of appeal to me, so here was a part all ready made. And what did George Ball say? He may be efficient and hardworking, he may have a fine sense of dramatic possibilities, but he looked me in the eye and said, "No dearie, that part requires someone who has not a word to say while on the stage."

The implication is right there, but I still think if I could go on the stage and not say one word all through the scene, Carmel would have the opportunity of seeing one of the finest bits of acting of this generation.

THERE was high wind at Abalone Park last Sunday. I don't mean the usual hot air that floats off the diamond when a game is going on, but a regular young sand storm coming from the park. Louise Walcott, much to her surprise, found herself keeping score. This necessitated both hands on the card and pencil, so she tied her hat on with a gay scarf, and put on a large pair of dark spectacles, and went to work to mark down hits and runs.

Along came a friend: "Heaven's Louise, with the goggles and scarf someone is apt to think that you are Aimee MacPherson." Louise's eyes never left the runner. "Yes," she said quietly, "And the resemblance is heightened by the fact that the only radio operator belonging to me, is on the other side of the continent."

WHEN Ruth Austin's friends heard that she was buying a new car, they feared the worst, but didn't know quite how bad it would be. The first day she drove the smart little coupe she was very careful, but on Ocean Ave. something seemed wrong. It wouldn't go. Fortunately she was near San Carlos and Jack Eaton happened by. It isn't so long ago that he lifted a truck off a man so it was child's play for him to loosen Ruth's brake, which had stuck. The next morning she started out to take Betty Horst to the station. The car would not start. Both girls tried everything they

knew, then Ruth walked around and discovered the gas indicator registered empty. Properly humbled she walked in and phoned the garage, telling the boy to bring down some gas. He did, and started to fill the tank when it suddenly ran over.

"You're indicators stuck" he said, "The tank is nearly full."

Then the mechanic got in, found out the engine was cold, but started the car. Ruth got Betty to the train in time, and to thoroughly inoculate herself against any accidents took Marian Todd for a slow and careful drive.

—HILDA

SIGNOR CORONI, BARITONE, IN RECITAL AUDIENCE

A distinguished member of the audience at Dorothy Damianakes' concert on Friday night was Signor Leonida Coroni, baritone of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra. He has been in this country for several years, and was soloist at the opening of the Hollywood bowl. He received his musical education in Greece,

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Russia and Italy, and sang in recital in Roumania, Greece and Italy. In America he made his first appearance in New York and also sang in Boston, Pittsburg and in Chicago before coming to the Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Olin J. Cope went to Ventura for the week, leaving on Sunday night.

INTERIOR DECORATING FURNITURE DRAPES

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ART NOTES

LA Gitanita, "the little gypsy, with her beauty of line and coloring, is finished, and stands in the niche in the lovely Spanish dining room at Mrs. Ethel P. Young's new home at Pebble Beach.

Carved from poplar wood by the master hand of Jo Mora, she stands against a background of jade green, with one hand on her hip, looking over her shoulder, and flirting her fan "as a Spanish lady can." Reminiscent of the art of the Renaissance this figure does not depend on realism. She is purely decorative. There are no flesh tints that would be killed and made harsh under artificial light. With a flair for color that is delightful, Mora has draped the dainty figure in a black Spanish shawl, with yellow, green, red and blue flowers, over a skirt that flares like a lily around the knees, Chinese yellow lily, with a faint patina of orange.

The hair is black, the little shoes are black with high red heels to match the Spanish comb in the simply coiled hair. The mass effect and dignified lines; it is in the beauty of these we get the realism, for the flesh is a soft smooth gold, with a rose madder flush on the cheeks and warm crimson lips.

The art of painted wood statues goes back to the early days of the church, especially in the old Spain. There has been in the last few years a revival of this decorative and beautiful work, and in La Gitania Mora used five different blocks of the poplar wood, thus distributing the weight of the figure evenly and allowing the grain of the wood to follow the lines of the body. In coloring, in dignity and beauty of line, and sheer appeal it will be very hard for Mora to equal his little gypsy.

I dropped into Paul and Margaret Mays studio for tea the other day, and found several very lovely painted chests, some finished and others on the way. The artist informed me that he had just sold two pictures, so at once went back to painting the chests, whether for a rest, or to show his complete contempt for any other form of art, I am not quite sure.

One of the chests is being made for his friend professor Piajon, who one time was head of the Art Department at Toronto University. Piajon is an interesting man. He was born in Barcelona, where he founded a museum, and is a poet of note.

The figures on this chest are most attractive. In one of Piajon's journeys to the wild part of North Eastern Spain, he spent several hours in an old church studying the figures, and discovered, where an altar had been moved, that the whitewash on the walls was peeling off, showing traces of an earlier painting. That removed showed some of the finest primitive murals had been painted over with the whitewash during the times of feud and dissension in the churches. Many of

these invaluable murals were found in this section by Piajon, who copied the figures and now Paul Mays is embodying them in the design on the chest for Professor Piajon.

Another attractive chest, made of old cedar, and to be used for a bridal chest, carries the story of a famous parisian mummer. On the center panel we find the bride, sitting on a bank in the garden, with trees, flowers and a white peacock for an effective background. On the left panel is a maid coming to the bride carrying a gift of a rope of pearls, and on the right panel is the groom with the ring and a falcon on his finger. The different symbolic sense is second to none, with great advantage. The deer, peacocks, falcon animals are used by Mays, whose decor and ape all mean something in the mummers tale, and the colors used are exquisite.

The gold and chinese red borders are lovely, intricate in design, and making a fitting frame for the story carried out on the chest.

—H. A.

HENRY Cowell, young composer pianist, whose tour of the eastern states roused a wave of interest in the musical world has just returned to San Francisco, and is at his home in Menlo, where he is working on a new program to be presented here at the beginning of the season, before he leaves for his winter tour.

Cowell is much impressed with the changed attitude toward modern music even in the most conservative centers.

"Conservatories that even a year ago looked askance at the modern school of music, have all recognized the importance of the new era in musical progress, and audiences in the interior cities where the new music has not been heard are clamoring for both the music and the discussion of it. As is very often the case

in art, popular taste forces recognition on the part of the academicians even before the academicians are ready to accept it," said Cowell. "Everywhere there is a feeling that the renaissance is upon us and that American music, along with the other arts, will be in the van of the new march. I found even the individual critics who had been doubtful of the value of the modern music as late as last year, quite ready to receive it."

Cowell feels that modern music can no longer depend on novelty to command a hearing. "The forms of the new work and the measure of it is well enough established now to warrant the right to demand excellence in it as well as modernity." Cowell is president of the New Music Society of California, and will preside at a meeting of the members, who are all producing musicians at a near date.

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Notes and Comment



It is hoped that those who have had the temerity to decree three and four performances for their respective dramatic offerings this holiday week-end in Carmel will receive their rewards in full and enthusiastic audiences. When Edward Gerhard Kuster, managing director of the Theatre of The Golden Bough announced that there would be three evening performances and one matinee on July 4 of his sixth and final subscription play of the season, "Captain Applejack", the wonder arouse that the theater-owner had not learned better by the experiences of himself and others in the theatrical past of Carmel. Then, on top of this, and on top, too, of what it has had personal contact with in the seasons that have gone, the Forest Theater gives us to understand that "If I Were King", admitted a sure-fire musical romance, would be staged in the open-air theater for three nights, July 2, 3 and 4.

Both will be extremely good productions from all that can be learned from various discussions regarding rehearsals and stage settings and the enthusiasm and interest of the players; both will probably uphold the enviable reputation Carmel enjoys for dramatic productions of the first water, but it is doubtful if the work of the directors and the casts will find compensation in gratifying audiences for three and four performances.

Certainly, it is sincerely hoped that they will, but Carmel somehow, even in the height of the summer season, and on a week-end with a holiday contained therein, does not seem to warrant more than two productions of a play, be it ever so good.

Because this is apparently true, and because there has been sniffling therefrom in the past; it is particularly desirable that Carmel residents support these two productions to the utmost. There will be no possible excuse for anyone who lives in Carmel, and is prideful of Carmel's dramatic reputation, to remain away from "If I Were King" and "Captain Applejack". The directors and their assistants are working feverishly; the stage setters and scenery painters are laboring valiantly and the members of the casts are exerting every effort to make their respective parts a smooth unit in the great whole. We owe them all large audiences and unstinted manifestation of our appreciation.

AMONG a few things of which Carmel should be far from proud is one of which it should be mightily ashamed. The "Gateway to Our City" is an eyesore. The Cymbal isn't wild about "gateways", or the presentation of "keys to the city" and all that sort of rot, but it certainly is convinced that if anyone were to stand at the Carpenter street edge of Carmel on the highway and be offered

the instrument of open sesame to our "village" he would excuse himself and turn back to the white fences, green gates and adobe houses of Monterey. No one could imagine, on reaching the concrete pavement of Carpenter street at the junction of the country road, that he was entering the town that has a reputation for natural beauty and artistic sense in the man-made parts of itself. The row of mush-room shacks that grace the right hand side of Carpenter street at our "gateway" is a crime. They look much as though they were put up on the edge of a west Oakland marsh by squatters. They have no form, shape, design or color other than that of ugliness. They are cheap and tawdry. The Cymbal doesn't know how much property these people own, nor how much building they contemplate of the nature and manner of the present, but certainly there should be some method of preventing further construction of such shacks on Carpenter street. It may not be possible for the city to cause these eyesores to be removed, but somehow there should be some way to prevent a perpetuation of the thing. A group of citizens could well appear before the city council with a legitimate protest which could not be denied.

THE ancient and absurd art of follow-up letters has reached the fine point of the ridiculous in America. There are about ten persons in Carmel who are being reminded of this about every ten days. The source of their amusement is somewhere in Boone, Iowa,

or Idaho, and its direct conception is in the offices of the "Holst Publishing company". It seems that about a year ago an extremely smart young man who contemplated no further visits to this part of the country after his one sortie, convinced several great and near-great in Carmel that he would "give" them a ten-volume reference work or encyclopedia if they would write a paragraph in praise of it after examining it and would also sign an order for "supplements" for which they were to pay \$5 a year for ten years—or something of the sort. An official of The Cymbal accepted the "gift", received the books, found them of no value, cheap and poorly bound. Some eight or nine others in Carmel had the same experience. In each instance letters were dispatched to the reference book company advising that the books would be returned. Then came the first letter from the "Holst Publishing

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PRESS
PRINTING
CARMEL
CALIFORNIA

AND YOU CAN GO
STILL FARTHER
AND NOT EXCEED IT.

Company", saying that it had taken over the "contracts" and could not accept return of the books. No supplements have been received by anyone in Carmel, but the follow-up letters, beginning mildly with pleas and waxing stronger with the days, began to arrive regularly. They are mimeographed letters and with a rubber-stamp signature. The most recent of these letters, which are being chuckled over in Carmel, is as follows:

Now look here. **THIS IS SERIOUS.** What we must say now is as offensive to us as it will be to you. Unless you have fallen so low in the moral scale that you are entirely devoid of honor, you will not permit this letter to pass unchallenged. It will be equally as agreeable to us whether your challenge is in the form of a remittance or of an expression of denial and resentment. We will be happy to send you an apology as a receipt, if you can justify us in doing so.

You still owe us \$54.00.

In the present state of our records you owe this account. To collect it we have resorted to every available argument and appeal. You have not denied the account, neither have you asked for more time to pay.

The only inference left us is that you won't pay this account because you believe you can beat us out of it.

Such conduct is ignoble, so unreasonable and unjust and so opposed to common honesty and decency that we are vainly groping for another explanation. Can you supply one? Will you stand for this? In the name of the faith we have in mankind we hope you can.

Respectfully yours,

HOLST PUBLISHING CO.
BERTRAM P. HOLST

Then, down in Atascadero, there is a business college "with a soul". It has an ingenious letter-writing department. It "follows up" so intelligently that we wonder the gentleman in charge of the department is buried in Atascadero. Recently Patty Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Johnson, received the following letter. Patty is 12 years old.

My dear Friend:

This is an invitation to you to become a life member in the Atascadero Business College.

Your name was handed to us by a mutual friend who is interested in your future success. It would be a real pleasure to us and give us a feeling that comes to one of a duty well done, could we be the means of assisting you in reaching that goal you have so wisely set for yourself—a thorough business education.

How well has it been said, "He profits most who serves best." This invitation is extended to you in just that spirit. It would be a pleasure to meet you personally and get YOUR ideas.

If our journeys for the next few months or years are happily the same, may

we not make them of mutual helpfulness, traveling the road of cooperation, journeying toward the days of happy endings, leaving something each day for our fellows that will make them happier, better citizens, and all because we have labored together.

Our new catalogue is now in the process of construction. Would you like a copy when it is completed? Write to us.

Sincerely yours,

ATASCADERO BUSINESS COLLEGE

Damianakes Program Lacked Showmanship

IN her program of the dance, given on Friday night at the Theatre of The Golden Bough, Dorothy Damianakes demonstrated more clearly than anything else her complete lack of showmanship. She dances well, played in a theater where conditions could not be better, she had the lovely dome and fine lighting, and with a good ensemble, which she didn't use enough, put on a weak program.

Her accompanist, Edgar Thrope, played well, yet she used the panatrope for one whole group, and it failed her twice. Once her ensemble had to leave the stage while the panatrope was re-wound and started again. Ruth Austin's program of the dance, when she presented her pupils had more professional finish than Miss Damianakes showed, and their program had more variety.

The dancer's first number "Vintage", was a good opening number, but her wait after the curtain was closed was too long. In her Serenade by Volkman, she showed excellent technique, but her musical choice was not of the best. Greek Games, in which she used the ensemble was one of the best numbers on the program and closed the first group.

In the last group the Dance Macabre (Dance of Death) was very lovely, her leaps and quick running steps were a delight. The Airs de Ballet from "Alceste", with the ensemble was good, and her closing number the Turkish March was not a particularly strong closing, as it was too much like dances that preceded it.

—L. B. R.

AT THE MANZANITA

The Manzanita Theater will show "Bigger than Barnum's" tonight, with Viola Dana and Ralph Lewis: Thursday and Friday, "Rough House Rosie" with Clara Bow: Saturday, "California", with Tim McCoy: Sunday, "The Blonde Saint" with Lewis Stone and Doris Kenyon:

Monday and Tuesday, "The Flaming Frontier" with Hoot Gibson.

Mr. and Mrs. Redfern Mason are in Carmel for several days this week. Mason is the musical critic of the San Francisco Examiner.

Mrs. C. H. Bassett returned last week with her granddaughter, Miss Wilma Bassett, from a visit with her sister, Mrs. F. H. Clark, who is spending the summer in the Yosemite Valley.

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A Good Egg

Laidlaw Williams Makes a Scientific Discovery Off Point Lobos

THIS is a true story of adventure and hair-breadth escapes. Although the scene of it is the Carmel coast, it has nothing to do with the perils of petting or the landing of liquor.

Unknown even to the most efficient gossips of the community, a young man now living in Carmel threw a party on one of the outlying islands off Point Lobos nearly a month ago and thereby made a discovery which has upset certain accepted beliefs hitherto held by well-known scientists throughout the world.

This amateur scientist is Mr. Laidlaw Williams, son of the Jesse Lynch Williamses, who have been spending recent winters here. Dr. Joseph Grinnell the great authority on Western birds and the Curator of the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology at Berkeley has sent young Williams a letter of congratulation with an invitation to write a full report of the matter for the Condor the magazine of western ornithology of which Dr. Grinnell is the editor. He says, "You have certainly made a very important and significant extension of the present known range of the California Brown Pelican." And adds, "Dixon showed me the egg, which will be catalogued as a gift from you to the Museum—perpetual evidence of your findings."

The search, the discovery, and the safe landing of that one egg was where the peril, adventure and hair-breadth escapes came in.

Williams, it seems, had begun taking an interest in bird life several years ago when he lost his health, but now that he has regained it, his interest remains and has been indulged during the stay out here, where the chief ornithological interest consists in collecting cocktles. But he says that Carmel is an excellent locale for birds. He has observed several hundred different species in this vicinity, not including Pebble Beach Golf tournament birdies. He recently contributed what is called a "bird census" to the well-known ornithological magazine published in the East, called "Bird-Lore." Of all the records sent in from almost every section of the United States, his Carmel score was one of the highest.

Frequently, while on his way to play tennis with the Crileys, Williams had noticed from the mainland, on one of the larger of the islands off the South end of Point Lobos, a considerable number of pelicans sitting on piles of sticks on the top of the "sea-stack" as it is called. The sight interested and puzzled the tennis player's ornithological eye, because he knew that there was no record of pelicans nesting North of latitude So-and-So on certain other islands several hundred miles

down the coast.

One day he mentioned the matter to a visiting ornithologist of established reputation, and modestly ventured to express the opinion that these sad birds might be breeding out there. The experienced older man was shocked. He had seen the name of Laidlaw Williams referred to in books by Eastern ornithologists and therefore seemed surprised to find this young amateur so ignorant. Pelicans never laid eggs North of latitude So-and-So and pelicans never would. It wasn't done. A wild theory, utterly impractical.

That was fine, because it made the young amateur wild to prove his theory. One of the few justifications for the existence of old people is their irritating effect upon young people. But to secure his proof, it was necessary to get to that island. And that was not only difficult but dangerous, especially as there were no boats in the vicinity. So far as is known no one had ever landed on that desolate spot.

It was at the brilliant suggestion of a fellow-adventurer, Mr. David Prince, that a catamaran was borrowed from the Crileys, whose place is nearby. A scientific expedition was organized at once composed of these two young men. Their equipment consisted of two bathing suits, one handkerchief and a couple of paddles. Prince was the navigator and Williams was the scientist. With three cheers for themselves they embarked for their treasure island. It contains about three acres composed chiefly of jagged rock and poison oak.

They followed the "inland passage" as it was called by the navigator, although the ornithologist, with scientific accuracy, called it the "underland passage" because their route took them under the arched rocks and through the caverns and grottos of the mainland before they could head out to sea toward the perilous cliffs of their destination. Apparently the sea did not approve of proving this theory. The ocean is the most conservative thing in nature. The land is improved by man

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

and realtors make additions and money—sometimes. The ocean doesn't change.

In the mouth of one of the forlorn caverns, a huge roller swung them back into a cave, then sucked them out again with terrific speed. At another stage in the voyage, the expedition found itself in a cave almost surrounded by cliffs. At the far end was an opening through the rocks, scarcely six feet wide. Towards this hole the skilled navigator steered the brave

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ship. But when half-way through, a receding wave deposited the craft upon a projecting ledge. They could not move. The raft tilted terribly. The expedition was immersed to both its waists. Then came another and larger wave. Afloat again. The expedition proceeded, captain and crew bending to their work.

Suddenly the navigator shouted from the poop-deck, "The plug's out." The crew, meaning the scientist, looked in horror at the hole in the pontoon. It was filling fast with water. If their ship sank, they ran a fair chance of following its example. (Do not be alarmed, it turns out all right in the end.) Fortunately the dirty plug resembled Ivory Soap in one respect, and it was salvaged just in time by swimming—And so, after perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes, the brave explorers landed upon some shelving rocks of the desert island without the loss of a man or even a handkerchief. (Keep your eye on that handkerchief. It plays an important part in the scientific denouement.)

Scaling the unexplored cliffs, they suddenly found themselves face to face with hostile tribes of Brandt's Comorants and Western Gulls, clothed in their war feathers. These natives were unfriendly and with wild cries surrounded our intrepid travellers. Nothing daunted, however, the expedition soon put them to flight and pushed on in the direction where they hoped and believed that they would find their buried treasure. Pelicans in platoons were now retreating in wild disorder. (This is getting too long, so we will hurry through, especially as the reader already knows the happy ending.)

Well, there on the top of the island they found what they had come for—not buried at all but exposed to the sun and the wind—pelicans' nests and pelicans' eggs—lots of them. The amateur's wild theory was proved to his complete satisfaction.

But wait a minute! He knew that he could not prove it to the satisfaction of Science unless he got at least one of those eggs ashore. And that was not so simple as it sounds. Bathing suits are not built with pockets. There was no seamen's chest or any safe nook on the half-submerged catamaran. Moreover, all hands would have to man the paddles to prevent shipwreck. Much as this ornithologist loved birds, he could not carry a pelican's egg in his mouth. His mouth wasn't big enough. Neither was the navigator's.

Ah! The handkerchief! (Reader, did you guess it?) Wrapping the egg up in the wet and well-worn handkerchief as carefully as if it were diamonds and rubies the resourceful scientist tied it gently but firmly around his neck.

And so, after many more thrilling adventures and hardships, they reached their native land. And the precious pelican's egg is now on exhibition at the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology of the University of California where this sincere scientist has been a student during the past year,

and where this exciting egg will remain for posterity, thus adding another grain of truth to the sum of human knowledge and once more demonstrating that age and conservatism must yield to youth and enthusiasm.

NOTICE

To Visitors of Point Lobos:

For several years past the result of automobile traffic through the Cypress grove at Point Lobos has been a source of worry. It is well known that this grove and the one on the Seventeen Mile Drive are the only two stands of Cypress on this Coast, and these trees, if lost, could not be replaced.

With this thought in mind, Dr. E. P. Meinicke, Forest Pathologist of the United States Department of Agriculture, was invited to make a survey of tree and plant life conditions at Point Lobos. The results of this investigation indicate that certain areas must be restricted against automobile traffic. You are requested therefore, to keep your machines on the roads, and if you care to stop, make use of the parking places.

Your attention is called to several attractive spots on the South side of Point Lobos where picnic places have been provided. Picnic fires are only permitted between the road and the ocean.

The greatest danger to vegetation is that of fire. You are requested to use the utmost caution, not only with your picnic fires, but with your cigarettes, matches etc.

Visitors to the Cypress Grove are required to go on foot, and are requested to remain on the trails and refrain from picking flowers and shrubs, and from building fires.

Your co-operation is appreciated.

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Comprehensive Plan Offered For New Public Golf Course

OVER the signature of Harnett & Company the following comprehensive plan, which is more than a prospectus of the proposed public golf links is both interesting and thorough. It not only gives completely the ideas and ideals of the proponents, but it offers much hope for those who have heretofore met varied difficulties in the way of their desire to play.

THE site that has been selected for the eighteen-hole grass course is the finest on the Peninsula, lying as it does 400 to 450 feet above sea-level on the Monte Regio Tract. It is sheltered from wind and fog by the ridge to the West, rising to 700 feet above sea level and will be immensely popular for this reason alone. Nos. 9, 12 and 18 greens and Nos. 1, 10 and 13 are in view from the club house.

By the way of Madison or Martin Streets and Via Del Rey, the course can be reached from down town Monterey in less than ten minutes and in not over fifteen minutes via Lighthouse, Pacific, Madison and Via Del Rey from Pacific Grove or via Carmel Road, Soledad and Yerba Buena Drives from Carmel.

The site of the Club House is on a knoll overlooking Monterey Bay embracing the wide panorama from the Santa Cruz Mountains to our beloved Toro and the mountains south of Carmel Valley. It is almost at the axis of our fair Circle of Enchantment.

No finer terrain exists for the location of a golf course and club house, and best of all, it will give the people of the Peninsula and their friends and our visitors not only a place to play golf, but a place in which to foregather, particularly in the evening, something which is sadly lacking at present.

The lower floor of the club house will contain the locker room, showers, golf shop and men's grill and the upper floor, the ladies' domain, the lounge more formal dining room, ladies' parlor and ball room.

The recent increase in green fees at the local golf courses emphasizes the status of affairs that has existed on this Peninsula for years.

While the Del Monte Properties Company has with shrewd foresight provided abundant amusement, both indoor and outdoor, for the guests of their hostelries and purchasers of their land, the rest of the dwellers on the Peninsula have taken no steps to do likewise, either for themselves or the summer renters of their homes, or the throngs of visitors that patronize the other hotels.

The Del Monte Properties Company evidently feel that the time has arrived when they can no longer accommodate the thousands of other golfers who visit

the Peninsula but do not patronize their hostelries, without interfering with the comfort of their patrons, hence the recent raise in their green fees.

This means that unless a golf course open to the public and not confined to club members only, is provided for this large army of golfers—they will not visit the Peninsula as in the past, with consequent loss of patronage to all other hotels, to owners of homes that are usually rented also to every lot and householder, because for the season, to the local merchant and unless a steady influx of new people is attracted to this section, property values will either remain stagnant or decline.

The construction of golf courses and club houses usually involves very large sums of money, often entirely beyond the immediate possibilities of a community.

In our case it would seem, that at this time, we should keep our capital requirements to the point at which we can be sure of success, rather than to plan beyond our resources.

With this thought in mind we have arranged with the Monterey Country Club a California corporation, to enter into the following arrangement.

The Monterey Country Club is to provide about 120 acres of land on the Monte Regio Tract, which is partly within, and also adjoins the city limits, on which an eighteen-hole all grass golf course of championship calibre and a comfortable and attractive clubhouse is to be constructed and be in operation early next season.

It is to be maintained as a public golf course for the succeeding ten years at green fees which are in harmony with those generally charged elsewhere.

The Monterey Country Club agrees to maintain this course and club-house in first class condition for ten years.

The Country Club and the Monterey County Memorial Park, which it adjoins, will furnish a playground within a mile of down town Monterey, of which any community may be justly proud. Their area is approximately 160 acres.

With a full knowledge of the many methods that have been employed to organize clubs and construct golf courses,

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

we feel that in our particular case, it is imperative to keep the cost down to the lowest feasible figure, and we have therefore evolved the following plan, which will not only provide the necessary funds but definitely fix for the ten-year period, the amount the golfer has to pay.

The average golfer plays at least twice a week, usually on Saturdays and Sundays. The average green fee on such days is \$2.00, so that 8 days per month at \$2 is \$16.00. We propose, instead of selling club memberships, to sell playing golf privileges at the rate of \$5.00 per month, or \$60.00 per year, or \$600.00 for the 10 years. Such privileges entitle the purchaser to play golf any day or every day for the entire period, and to all club-house privileges.

The terms at which they are offered are \$240.00 cash and the balance in 12 months, without interest, unless payments become delinquent.

The course will be known as the Monterey Golf Course and will be open to all golfers in addition to those owning

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Playing Golf Privileges. This enables the guests of all hotels on the Peninsula as well as year around and summer residents and visitors to take advantage of this course.

"We have been charged with the task of financing this institution and believe that it merits the earnest support of the entire Peninsula. The interests of all concerned have been fully covered and protected in a contract which provides that Mr. W. G. Hudson, our highly esteemed Mayor, and Mr. T. A. Work, President of the First National Bank, will act as trustees, and all subscriptions will be made payable to them, for account of the Monterey Country Club, and all monies disbursed by them, until such time as the course and club house are completed.

"A set space of time has been allotted to us for the sale of the first 150 privileges, which will provide the money to build the first unit, the golf course, and unless that number is sold within that allotted time, all subscriptions will be returned by the Trustees in full. The sooner these are sold, the sooner the course will be started and be available for play.

"Upon completion of this quota, a nine hole miniature course will be constructed and ready for play in about 60 days thereafter. It will be open to purchasers of Playing Privileges until the eighteen-hole course is completed.

"This is the first opportunity of the people of the Peninsula have had to provide themselves and their visitors with their own playground and from the hearty reception with which our preliminary announcement was greeted, we believe that our effort on your behalf, will meet with unstinted support.

"We shall be delighted to have the opportunity of showing you the site of the golf course and club house, and hope that you will be sufficiently interested in this

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"If I Were King"

Continued from Page One)

rine a love song that is read today,

The stars would be your pearls upon a string

The world a ruby for your finger ring:
And you should have the sun and moon to wear

If I were King.

and leaves with his soldiers to fight in God's name and the King's.

His victorious return, and his escape from the gallows is more dramatic than his leavetaking, and we shall see it worked out before us on Saturday night when lords and ladies, kings and courtiers, cut-throats and trulls, people the stage of the Forest Theater. George Ball is playing Francois Villon his first romantic role in Carmel. Herbert Heron is King Louis XI. Gladys Vander Roest is Lady Katherine, Helena Heron is Mother Villon, all names to conjure with at the Forest Theater. And they have an extremely adequate supporting cast. Homer Emons is painting the scenery and when we remember that he was the scenic artist for Julia Arthur's "Romeo and Juliet", and worked with Klaw and Erlanger and Dillingham for years, we expect a great deal.

Francois Villon.....George M. Ball
Louis XI.....Herbert Heron
Tristan l'Hermite.....Eugene Watson
Thibault d'Aussigny.....Chester Adams

Noel Le Jolys.....Fletcher Dutton
Rene de Montigny.....Robert Hestwood
Guy Taberie.....Leslie LeCron
Colin de Cayleux.....Robert Stanton
Casin Cholet.....Francis Lloyd
Jehan le Loup.....Fred Boucher
Robin Turgis.....Morris Wild
Trois Eshelles.....John Bowen
Petit Jean.....David Gray
Burgundian Herald.....Billy Shepard
An Astrologer.....John Bowen
Katherine de Vaucelles.....
.....Gladys Vander Roest
Mother Villon.....Helena Heron
Huguette du Hamel.....Constance Heron
Jehanneton.....Betty Perkins
Blanche.....Ivy Whitworth
Guillemette.....Wanda Holley
Isabeau.....Henrietta Farley
Denise.....Viona Routan
The Queen.....Ruth Lewis

MOVIES AT GOLDEN BOUGH

Starting on Tuesday, July, 5, there will be motion pictures every night at the Theatre of the Golden Bough. On Tuesday H. K. Busey is showing "Eve's Leaves", on Wednesday and Thursday, "Bachelor Brides", and on Friday and Saturday there will be shown a reissue of the popular comedy "Up in Mabel's Room."

The Misses Marian Mills and Clara Osborn came down from San Francisco and will spend ten days in Carmel.

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Les LeCron Perpetrates This Week's Chapter of "What's It All About?"

THIS is the seventh chapter of "What's It All About?", perpetrated by Les LeCron. Others who have "perpetrated" in this ghastly thing are Katharine Cooke, Rem Remsen, Dorothy Woodward, Neb Lewis, and Louise Walcott. Who will write the eighth chapter there's no tellin'.

Chapter Seven
By LES. LeCRON

AS Natalee started to speak the door opened and her sister Norma entered.

"Neither could I think," she said, gazing scornfully at her astonished sister. "All our lives you have kept me in subjection to you, making me do all the reacting while you did all the thinking yourself. But things have changed now and I am going to separate our lives as you have separated our bodies. I owe everything to the power of love. I did no thinking until yesterday when I met Samuel Bayes and he carried the sack of grade A rocks for me, as I had been told by you to have him do. Since then everything has changed, for I fell in love with him at once. When normal people love they cease to think, but as I was unable to think before and had to react to love, it has worked just the other way with me, and now I am able to think, and you can't control me any longer."

He turned to Sam: "I was listening at the door just now before I came in, and you said that you intended to marry me, even though I could not think. Now that I can think, will you do as you said,—for I do love you—and remember we will have the mine," her voice dropped to a whisper, "and those barrels are filled with gin."

Samuel started. He had been singularly attracted to the woman with the magenta lips ever since meeting her and had gradually been growing disillusioned as to Marian. She had shown a rather startling streak of cruelty in beating Natalee; she had tried to order him about; her father had become dishonest; and worst of all she had lost her continuity. He actually shuddered at the thought of marrying a girl who had no continuity. Now, in addition to his natural attraction towards her, Norma had told him that the barrels contained gin, his fatal weakness. Ah, she certainly had proved that she could think by mentioning gin! Life certainly might be made entrancing by a woman who thought. He was actually falling in love with her! He hesitated no longer but walked to her side and put his arm around her slim waist.

"We will be married at once," he said quietly. "I never wish to see these people again. Come, Norma, we will go now."

They entered the car in which Norma

had arrived and she drove at once in the direction of the stone house on the cliff.

"Darling, I thought you would marry me," she whispered in his ear as he sat closer to her and put his arm around her. "I have a minister waiting to marry us at home, and I have even thought to get a license. I will be so glad to settle down and be a Bayes instead of a Nomad."

The six miles to the stone house were quickly covered and they hurried in. Norma called two of the servants as witnesses and they stood before the minister who had been awaiting them in the living room. Sam was in a daze while the ceremony was performed, making his responses with his senses dulled still more by the exotic perfume which Norma used.

The minister seemed to have something vaguely familiar about him but Sam could not remember ever having seen him before. However as the man blessed them, with arm uplifted, the sleeve of his gown fell away from his arm and Sam was rudely shaken from his stupor at the sight of it. It was covered with tattooing!

"Who is that man?" he demanded of Norma when the Reverend had taken his departure.

"Don't ask me now," she replied, turning and drawing him to her by his coat lapels, "Only trust me and I will tell you

everything when we are alone. Kiss me now, and I will go and get ready for our wedding journey. We must go somewhere for a few days until things have quieted down here. I have had some of your clothes brought from your rooms and you can pack what you need. I'll have one of the servants help you. "Carroll!" she called to a grinning young colored man. "You will please act as Mr. Bayes' valet."

When she had gone Carroll led Sam to a room where he found most of his clothes and personal possessions awaiting him. As he started to pack for the trip he heard Carroll turn on the water in the bathtub, evidently expecting him to bathe before leaving. The sound of the running water brought something into his mind. If only he dared do it! The temptation was too great and he stepped to the bathroom door.

"Carroll," he said in a low voice, "Do you like gin?"

"Does Ah like gin? Boss, don't tantalize me. Does a cat like catnip?"

"If you'll help me carry up a barrel from the cellar I'll fill a couple of bottles for you, but you must not tell anyone."

"Just show me them barrels and I'll carry two all by myself if you want."

They crept quietly into the cellar and taking a barrel small enough so it could be

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managed by two of them they carried it to the bathroom. Carroll secured two empty bottles and filled them and the remainder was emptied into the tub while the negro's jaw hung open and his mouth watered. Sam quickly undressed and stepped into the tub with his heart beating violently and a smile of utter delight on his lips. He sighed with ecstasy as he sank into the clear liquid.

"Does you all want some ice, too?" inquired Carroll from the other room.

"No, its perfect as it is," and Sam sloshed the gin around him, over his quivering body and shoulders and even into his hair. For several moments he revelled in his orgy and, at last, completely satisfied, stood up in the tub and ordered the servant to pour a couple of pitchers of water over him, for he felt that a chaser was absolutely necessary—though he ordinarily scorned such a thing.

When he had dressed and packed a suitcase he dismissed Carroll and opened the door into the hallway. As he stepped out soft arms went around his neck and two warm magenta lips were fervently pressed against his own. When he had kissed them a few times he raised his head and smiling at the girl said,

"My very—er, that is, Sweetness, how on earth am I ever going to tell you from your sister Natalee. Of course when I talk to you now, and after I know you better I will be able to tell you apart without any trouble, but you know, really, you are exactly alike as to looks and it might be very embarrassing if I can't know which of you is which just by looking at you. Isn't there some way I can tell for sure?"

"Perhaps not by just looking, but there is a way, Dearest," she replied. "Even our father, the Duke, could not tell by looks, but the truth is that the magenta on our lips is different. I have had mine put on permanently—tattooed—for it saves so much trouble, but Natalee still uses the old-fashioned lipstick. So if the magenta rubs off you will know that it is Natalee, if not that it is I. If you are uncertain, ever, you can tell from that."

Sam then put the matter to the proof and found that it was as she had said and hers did not come off. He never had really cared much for the taste of lipstick anyway.

As Norma now seemed to be in a hurry he took their suitcases and they went down the long staircase to the lower floor. She proceeded him to the door but as she was about to open it another door into the room opened and the other sister entered. The latter started at seeing them and then rushed forward.

"Why, Sam," she said, "Where are you going?"

"We are starting on our honeymoon," he returned, coldly, for he felt that Natalee was rather a Mr. Hyde to Norma's Dr. Jekyll.

"But—you are married to me, not Natalee—oh, you don't love me after all, and are running off with my sister. And I

believed I could think now! If I could really think I would have known that a man could not be trusted! And I loved and trusted you so! How can you do such a thing?"

The bewildered Sam turned to the woman at his side.

"Are you Natalee?" He asked gruffly.

"Of course not," she said, "Don't you see she is just making a scene to upset things? Come, we will go and not let her get away with anything so ridiculous."

"But I am Norma," said the other girl, bursting into tears. She is deceiving you."

Sam turned from one to the other in dismay. As he stood undecided, the front door was opened suddenly and, with a low bow, the tall man of elegant appearance, whom he had seen on his first visit to the stone house, entered closely followed by Marian and her father.

"Oh, Sam!" cried Marian rushing forward, "I've found my continuity!"

NOTICE INVITING SEALED PROPOSALS

Pursuant to the provisions of Resolution No. 368 of the Board of Trustees of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, duly passed on the 23d day of May, 1927,

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN That said Board hereby invites sealed proposals or bids for the contract for doing all printing and advertising for said city, for the period of one year from and after the passage of the resolution awarding such contract.

All sealed proposals or bids shall be accompanied by a check certified by a responsible bank, payable to said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, in the sum of one hundred fifty (\$150) dollars, and such check shall be forfeited to said city in the event that the successful bidder should fail or refuse to enter into a contract with said city in accordance with the terms of his proposal within ten (10) days from and after the award thereof. All such proposals or bids will be received by the City Clerk of said City not later than the hour of 7:30 p. m. of the 5th day of July, 1927, at which date and hour said Board of Trustees, in open session in the meeting room of said Board at the City Hall of said City, will publicly open, examine and declare the same; reserving the right, however, to reject any or all such bids.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-SEA.

Dated June 20, 1927.

SAIDEE VAN BROWER,
City Clerk of said City of
Carmel-by-the-Sea.

(OFFICIAL SEAL)

Dates of publication

June 22, 1927
June 29, 1927

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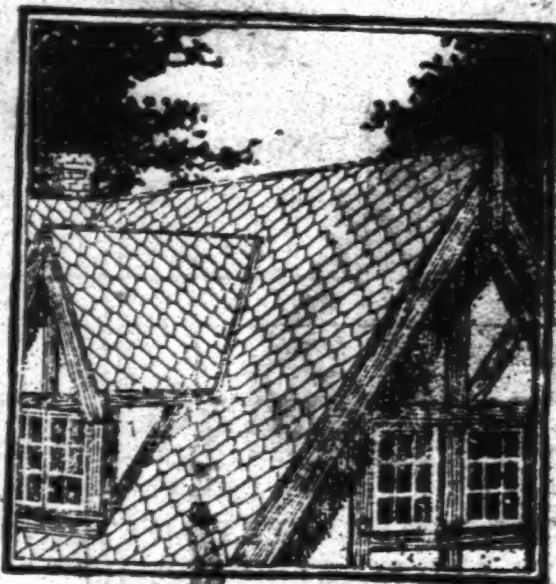
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